



# Life and Light for Woman

Word at Last from Talas and Cesarea

Susan W. Orvis

Sunshine and Showers in Shansi

Mary L. McClure

First Days in India

Eleanor Foster

Give Stewardship a Trial

Martha Fletcher Bellinger

**Congregational Woman's Boards  
of Missions  
PUBLISHED IN BOSTON**

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A DIFFICULT TRAIL IN SHANSI

# Life and Light

Vol. LI

June, 1921

No. 6

## Word at Last from Talas and Cesarea Work Going Forward in Spite of Disturbed Conditions

On April 15 came letters at last from Talas, Western Turkey Mission, after a long silence. It seems that Miss Annie Allen made a six day journey in mid-winter from Konia to bring the Talas workers their mail and to take their letters back to a place where they could be posted. The Talas people had not been allowed to send letters in English for some time. The communication which has most of interest about our school work is from Miss Orvis and is dated February 13, 1921. She writes:

THE same plan of a combined school and orphanage that we started last year is being continued. The school is becoming more important as time goes on and we may decide to separate the two institutions next year. As it is we have one hundred sixty orphans who live here and the boarding department is financed by the Near East Relief. The twelve or fifteen boarding pupils, not orphans, pay their board to the orphanage. We have a matron and two teachers paid by the N. E. R. Then we have four teachers whose salaries are paid by the W. B. M. Three of these, however, get their board at the orphanage in compensation for their help outside the class room in the way of supervision. Two of these teachers are Greeks. In addition to the boarding pupils we have enrolled about fifty day pupils. A few of these are able to pay tuition, but most of them are orphans also and unable to pay anything. The orphans all attend free and are in the same classes as the others. There is no distinction except on the pay roll between the Mission Board teachers and the Relief Committee teachers. Considering the great preponderance of orphans it is clear that the Board is giving free education to many of them. We also furnish the buildings and the equipment that was here. All new equipment and supplies have been paid for by the Near East Relief. Except

for beds and clothing there has been little added to what we had before.

Industrial training has been provided by having weaving, rug-making and sewing departments, also a large laundry opened in the school. We use the attic of the new building, all unplastered, for a dormitory and so we manage to accommodate them all. It is a big work and needs much more attention than I am able to give to it, for I have so many other things to do every day.

Miss Loughridge has given her time to the Boys' Industrial School (the former Boys' Boarding School here in Talas.) She continues to have general supervision of the orphans, but since they are nearly all located now in orphanages, that task is not so great a one as formerly. For special reasons of which we may be able to write in full later on, we are very short of workers this winter and the greater burden rests on the few Americans in our unit. We have at present six relief workers and four women missionaries. All of us are doing relief work and all are working to the limit of time and strength. There are special reasons why the work is peculiarly wearing on us this winter. Nevertheless, we are so glad that we are able to "carry on" and we hope the worst is over. We do need new recruits most desperately. In a few weeks the two men and the two Red Cross nurses plan to leave for America and that will leave us in a bad situation. They have all stayed long over time as it is, to fill the great need here. They have been just splendid about it.

We have been without any doctor for several months and no doctor even in the town. With these 4000 children here under our care you may imagine what a difficult situation we are in. The loss of our hospital building is most unfortunate, but we have another building which has been adapted and we have equipment for operating rooms and wards. More bed space can be provided if required. If travel is possible for anyone it is possible for a doctor and I'm sure a missionary doctor will not refuse to go to a place because it is hard.

The Cesarea primary school continues. Also we have a kindergarten in Talas supported by the Woman's Board. With the

exception of one Bible woman who is receiving a salary of \$10 a month, Miss Clara Richmond is absolutely all that Cesarea has in the way of missionary preacher, Sunday school worker or leader in Christian work of any kind.

## First Days in India

Described by Eleanor Foster in Letter from Ahmednagar. ■ ■

**C**O catch the mail steamer, letters should leave 'Nagar by Thursday night, and the Victoria, 'Nagar's most stylish equipage, calls for me at six, and what is a paltry hour and a half to one who desires to express the effect of almost a whole week in India?

To begin with, for those of you who have not heard so far, the voyage was very pleasant, in spite of a rather monotonous meat and potato diet, and I love the ocean more even than I thought I should. Luck is with me when it comes to rough weather, and I rather enjoy the distinction of being one among the few survivors at the table. Our experience of bad weather, however, though sharp, was brief, and from the Red Sea on the water was so smooth that it was hard to realize you were not on a sort of glorified Hudson River. There were a great many missionaries aboard,—one man said more than had ever landed from one ship in India before, and I must say that in general they made me very proud of my profession. I hope that when I am sixty I shall look just as some of them do.

We landed in Bombay Sunday afternoon, in the heat of the day and I can assure you that it was very pleasant to hear someone on the dock calling out, "Are Miss Foster and Miss Simpson aboard?" Mr. Hazen and Miss Woods of our Mission in Bombay were there in the heat of the day to meet us, help us through customs, and take us, together with the three teachers for Kodai-kanal, out to the bungalows in Byculla. We arrived while service was going on in the church, and I had my first experience of listening to Indian music as rendered by a whole congregation. Quite an experience, I assure you!

I was very glad that the Mission in Bombay was right in the Indian city, for it gave me a chance to see non-Europeanized India at once. I almost brought us to grief several times during my first trip through the city by insisting that Miss Woods both drive her car and explain everything, from the oilcloth hat of a Parsee to the milkman with his beautiful brass jugs on the ends of a bamboo pole. And right here I must explain that I am too proud of my few Marathi words to refrain from using them, and that I have no earthly idea as to their spelling, so I shall be advanced, and spell phonetically, and I know my ear is not sufficiently trained to do even that decently. But on the way to the bungalow I learned that the milkman is a *dhood-walla!* Everything was fascinating: narrow, dirty streets so filled with people, cows, buffaloes, goats, chickens and other things that I still marvel that we ever got through them in a car without casualties. Even after downtown New York it seemed strange to see all kinds of business progressing as usual on Sunday,—men and women carrying huge baskets full of everything on earth from poultry to sweets for sale on their heads, and proprietors lounging in languid importance at the entrance to their long and extremely narrow shops. We passed a carriage bearing some high class Mohammedan women, all shut down and curtained, and besides that covered entirely by an extra curtain like a table cloth. I don't see how they lived, it was not cool in an open car.

The ladies' bungalow, where Miss Simpson and I were housed, was a very comfortable building. The stone floors and huge thick concrete walls were interesting to us, and the openness of everything,—every room in India so far in my experience has opened into every other room possible. I also observed the utility of those head curtains that I have always considered so hideous. Before dinner, at half-past seven, Miss Bissell took us around the little compound that surrounds the church. It is beautifully turfed, and I begin to understand why grass is prized so highly out here. I also met my first Indian Christian out here, and a beautiful one she was—Dr. Gurubai Karmarkar.

We turned in early that night, and I think my New York



training stood me in good stead, for I managed to sleep through all the noise except the weird chant of a singing beggar early in the morning. Next day the Kodaikanal girls wanted to buy topees—I had gotten mine in Port Said, and a hideous affair it is!—so we drove through another section of the city, and saw some white people and a regular store. We were also required to register at the police office, and Ruth Simpson and I went and registered with the American vice-consul at Bombay. That afternoon we saw the rest of the Bombay work, including a never-ending "*presang*" at the little boys' school to bid goodbye to an old director and welcome a new. I was interested in that school—about forty little boys, all clean, and new as I was to India, that was impressive, and so good, oh, so good! And so responsive and evidently so well taught.

Then the girls' dormitory—and you can imagine my sensations on being introduced to a room that served as sleeping apartment for twenty-six girls and finding it absolutely bare except for twenty-six little trunks or boxes about as big as my small suitcase, neatly disposed around the walls! We saw our first Indian kitchen, and had bread-making explained, painfully and with many giggles by one of the high school girls. Two of the girls sat at the grinding stones and ground imaginary grain, singing us their grinding song meanwhile. Then the other boys' school, which was less of a novelty, and then dinner.

The 'Nagar people had sent word that they were sorry that they would be unable to come to Bombay for me, but that they would send someone to Dhond, the station where I change, to meet me and see that I got the right train. So I began Indian travel alone. And right here I differ from the enthusiasts who raved about travel in India! Of course, the train was crowded, as people who had come to Bombay to see the Duke of Connaught were going home, but that trip was a poor imitation of the real thing. There were two Mohammedan women in the compartment who felt the necessity of eating all night, and mostly very smelly things. I was interested in the burdensome way that they were swathed about with what appeared to be

heavy cotton sheets, their only outlook being through a sort of rectangle of starched crocheted work. Why, in comparison with them, the Moslem Egyptians had most of their faces uncovered! They must have consolation prizes, I expect, and they were simply laden with heavy jewelry, mostly silver anklets, bracelets and necklaces. We also had an extra woman in the compartment who simply refused to get out, though she had no berth reservation, and who sat on the berth of one of the Mohammedans until I got out at Dhond.

I have learned "*hamal*," which means, among other things, "red-cap," and "*saman*" which is to say "luggage," and, more, a whole phrase, "*Nagar chy, Guardi?*" with which to make my transfer if there should be any slip about my being met. But the train had hardly pulled in when I saw Dr. Hume and Margaret Welles and a third gentleman, who proved to be Mr. Fairbank, on the platform, and greeted them with enthusiasm. They had left 'Nagar at midnight to meet me at the distressing hour of 4 A. M., and having seen my trunks on the 'Nagar train, we piled aboard ourselves. Margaret spread out a regular Indian travel roll,—which I must acquire some day, and for the first time that night I slept the sleep of the comfortable and irresponsible.

It is time for the Victoria. I shall have to leave 'Nagar and my royal welcome until next letter. I go to Mahableshtar to begin language study on Monday. A blessing on all of you at home. I am glad, so glad, to be here.

## Editorials

Miss Minnie Mills of Smyrna is delaying her sailing until June 4 that she may give time to important matters connected with the American Collegiate Institute.

**Personals** News has been received of the arrival of Miss Elizabeth Trowbridge of Aintab, also of the fact that Miss Foreman has come out for needed rest and will spend some weeks in Egypt and Palestine.

The welcome word has also come to the American Board that Miss Silliman and Miss Shane have been permitted to remain at Alexandropol with the orphans and the Near East Relief is sending in supplies via Batum.

Miss Grisell McLaren has joined Miss Kinney at Ismid and is giving invaluable help in the Girls' School and also in the church work.

Mrs. R. S. M. Emrich, formerly in Mardin with her husband as a missionary of the American Board, sailed May 12 from New York under the Near East Relief Commission, taking her three young sons with her, who will attend school in Constantinople. Mrs. Emrich is to have charge of the personnel of women relief workers. Mrs. Lillian Cole Sewny of Sivas sailed on the same boat.

Dr. Harriet Clark of Seattle, Washington, after spending a few days with the Women's Board friends in Boston, sailed May 5 for Ahmednagar where she will be associated with Dr. Ruth P. Hume.

Mrs. Edith H. Smith, who has been assisting in the Ahmednagar Girls' School since 1916, giving most effective help, arrived early in May at her home in Westfield, Mass.

Dr. Harriet E. Parker, in company with Miss C. S. Quicken-den (W. B. M. I.), Rev. and Mrs. Jeffery, and Rev. and Mrs. Vaughan, all of the Madura Mission, arrived in Boston, April 14. Dr. Parker is at present at the Missionary Home in Auburndale.

Miss Mary E. Andrews, long our missionary at Tungchow, China, and now in Peking, writes in a personal letter of the celebration of her eightieth birthday when many friends did honor to this devoted missionary. Her long term of service dates from 1868, and since 1871 the New Haven Branch has fondly claimed Miss Andrews as their own. She writes:—

"I passed my eightieth birthday December thirteenth and my friends, both Chinese and missionary, combined to make the day a day of complete joy. It was really a wonderful day. So many friends came to see me and there were so many gifts and letters of greeting—so many words of appreciation and praise of the

work I had done and the inspiration which my life had been to so many, that I was bewildered and felt unworthy of it all. I know well that it was not I but Christ, living in and working through me, and I could only thank Him for the privilege he had given me of working so long in China and especially of teaching His word to so many. And I also thank Him for giving me so many friends in China. \* \* \* Since I began writing I have had calls from two young men, formerly pupils of mine—now, one a successful and earnest-hearted teacher in love with his three hundred scholars, many of them from heathen homes, and longing and striving to reach their parents and win them for Christ. The other is the earnest pastor of an independent church. It is always a pleasure to meet and talk with these former pupils—to enter into their life and work.”

The Candidate Committee is happy to announce that they have secured, for a three years' term of service at the Colegio Internazionale, Miss Melissa A. Cilley, now at the head of the English Department of the Richards High School, Newport, N. H. Miss Cilley is a native of Colebrook, N. H., and was graduated at the Academy there. She studied later at Virginia College, Roanoke, and in 1916 received her A. B. degree at New Hampshire State College, Durham, N. H. Since then she has been engaged in teaching, supplementing this in vacation by newspaper work. Miss Cilley is deeply interested in religious work and has been very successful in church activities, in Sunday school and young women's clubs. She hopes to sail this summer.

The missionary circle in Foochow will be happy in the appointment of Miss Phoebe K. Beard, daughter of



Miss Cilley



Miss Beard

Rev. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard, since 1894 missionaries of the American Board at Foochow.

**A Daughter of the Mission** Miss Beard was born in Foochow and after graduating from the high school in Putnam, Connecticut, where the family home was maintained for several years by Mrs. Beard while her husband returned to his work in the Mission, she took the five years' course at Oberlin College, graduating in 1919.

Since then, through teaching and in her church and Y. W. C. A. work she has been fitting herself for the foreign field, although as she majored in sociology at college, she has naturally been strongly drawn to Americanization work.

Her childhood among the Chinese people and all her family influences fit her peculiarly for the place she has chosen—that of an educational and evangelistic missionary in the land of her birth. She hopes to attend the approaching conference for newly appointed missionaries June 7-17 and to sail with her parents when they return from their furlough this summer.

Two significant sentences from her life sketch are worthy of quotation here. In speaking of her experience she says: "Among the most important influences on my religious thought was the keen disappointment in my first year in America at finding so general the lack of interest in church work and the laxness of adherence to common principles of honesty and altruism in this country, the home base of missions." In closing the sketch she writes:—"In my decision and hope for active missionary service, it is a source of deep joy to me to know that I am fulfilling the long-cherished hope of father and mother. Many times I have wished that this same joy might be possible for each candidate as he prepared for his great work!"

Our younger sister, the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society is celebrating its Golden Jubilee this spring.

Jubilee of  
the Baptist  
Woman's Board

District meetings occur through several weeks, beginning in Boston April 26 to 28 and closing with the National Celebration at Des Moines, June 21-23. The gathering of the New England women was very properly held in Boston and in Newton Centre where the Society was organized April 3, 1871.

Features of especial interest, aside from the Historic Session where Pioneers and their daughters rehearsed early scenes, were the Pageant, "The Call and the Answer," written by Mrs. Montgomery; the presence of a group of gifted and beautiful young women from the Orient, graduates of the schools planted and nurtured by this Board, introduced by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody; reports of the Golden Jubilee Presidents from New England, New York and the Atlantic District, showing that these sections had gone far beyond their assigned quotas, and the introduction of a group of splendid volunteers by Miss Grace T. Colburn. Addresses by President Pendleton of Wellesley, President Faunce of Brown, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery and a notable company of missionaries, made the occasion one of deep interest.

**THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD**  
RECEIPTS AVAILABLE FOR REGULAR WORK, APRIL 1—30, 1921

	From Branches and C. W. M.	From Other Sources	From Legacies and Reserve Legacy Fund	Income from In- vestments & Deposits	TOTAL
<b>1920</b> .....	\$22,490.02	\$122.00	\$299.23	\$1,134.34	\$24,045.59
<b>1921</b> .....	*22,739.92	2,984.04	\$104.40	840.50	26,668.86
<b>Gain</b> .....	\$249.90	\$2,862.04			\$2,623.27
<b>Loss</b> .....			\$194.83	\$293.84	
OCTOBER 18, 1920—APRIL 30, 1921					
<b>1920</b> .....	\$96,831.28	\$5,260.87	\$17,523.23	\$5,024.06	\$124,639.44
<b>1921</b> .....	*95,633.34	8,357.99	14,601.16	4,588.96	123,181.45
<b>Gain</b> .....		\$3,097.12			
<b>Loss</b> .....	\$1,197.94		\$2,922.07	\$435.10	\$1,457.99

\* These figures do not include gifts for 1920 Emergency Fund.

## Sunshine and Showers in Shansi

By Mary McClure, Fenchow

March 14, 1921.

"Oh, these are great days in Shansi. We have had our first ride in Fenchow's first automobile! Think of it! Colonel Chao said this morning, 'Now, let me see—it's about five thousand years since there was a motor car here, isn't it? No wonder the folks are curious to see it.' Ever since it arrived on March 12th, bringing Dr. Watson, Colonel Chao, Mr. Lan (the chief engineer) and Mr. Liu, a young man with experience in road building in Japan and France, crowds of people have surged into the new hospital compound to see the 'foreign motor cart.' About eleven this morning one of the children came rushing in all out of breath with excitement to tell us if we wanted a ride in that 'aut'mobile' we'd better come quick, so, grabbing our cameras and our coats, we made for the scene of action. A murmur like the waves of the sea rose from the crowd when the motor began to whirr, then four, five, six times we went around the little circle in front of the new hospital, feeling all the while like the trained animal part



The Excited Crowd

of the circus as the crowd gasped at the speed with which we turned the corners. Then we took a picture of the car, a Buick, with the city magistrate, and all the Chinese road officials in it, and the hospital buildings in the background. Dr. Watson says if it turns out well he is going to send it to the Buick Company and see if they will send him a motor ambulance in return. The visiting Red Cross car is housed in the 'garage' at the new hospital, and the people come in great crowds to see the 'gas cart.' Did you ever realize before that the Chinese carts have no seats? One who would ride in them simply sits cross-legged on the floor. Hence the comfortable upholstered seats of the automobile caused almost as much excitement as the purring of the engine when the car was ready to start.

"The Red Cross, as a means of famine relief, is completing the motor road from here to Tai Yuan Fu and the railroad. This means that they will actually construct about twenty miles of road, and complete from there a road which was started last year. For this work they will give employment to from four to five thousand men for the next two months, which will be through the worst period of all the famine year. The Red Cross will contribute the funds and a trained engineer; the provincial government will provide overseers, foremen, and buy the land used for the road, and we here handle all funds, pay the men, keep the accounts, etc. The men are flocking in to register. My industrial women have been busy making the red and white flags which will be used to mark out the 'line,' so they have had their share in it too. And in two months' time we'll be able to travel to Tai Yuan and the railroad in four hours' time, whereas heretofore it has taken three days by Chinese cart or litter.

"As though this were not excitement and joy enough for one week, last night came a telegram from Tai Yuan Fu saying that the Famine Relief Committee in Tai Yuan had appropriated \$250,000 (Mexican) for the building of a motor road from Fenchow west to the Yellow River! This road will follow the little pack animal trail which Mr. Pye has followed west over the mountains so many times, and over which I have gone three times



to Liu Lin Chen, three days and a half's journey from here. Work is to be begun on this immediately and when it is completed it will mean a saving of nearly four days one way, or eight days on the round trip every time we go to Liu Lin Chen or any of the outstations this side of the Yellow River. Oh, it seems almost too good to be true! But we're waking up with a start to realize that before we can get an automobile, Fenchow will be 'the Hub' of a system of motor roads connecting all the important centers of the province, and we are sending out S. O. S. calls in all directions for that automobile which will make possible our taking advantage of the wonderful opportunity these roads will open up to us. It will more than double our opportunities for service both east and west. (See frontispiece.)

"These are real April days, not without but within, with showers and sunshine so closely intermingled that one feels as though one were living with an intensity and a concentrated opportunity for helpfulness such as I at least have never experienced before. My little industrial school is proving a real haven to twenty-eight women now, and the evangelists in the outstations are daily sending in the names of others to whom the school offers the only means of getting over the days. Mr. Pye came in just a few minutes ago to tell me of another woman whom Mr. Wren had come to him about this afternoon. Her husband is an opium smoker, has sold off everything in the home, although they were quite well to do at one time, and now is trying to sell his wife and two children. And to head this off Wren Shen Sheng came in to see if we couldn't take her in. The little boy, a lad of eleven, we are putting in school, and the little eight-year-old girl will come into the Industrial School with her mother and go to the girls' school by the day. Another woman came in last week so white and weak from lack of food that we had to feed her up for a week until she was physically able to do any work. She and her husband are Christians in one of our outstations, but too proud to ask for help, and we heard of their case too late to save the little ten-year-old boy from being sold. They let him go for \$15—think of it! But only because the home into which he was

going was one where he could be fed and thus saved from the awful death by starvation which seemed the only thing ahead of them. The mother grieved so for the little fellow that the husband was afraid she was going insane and came to Dr. Nutting to see what she could do for her. And so they come, each one apparently more in need than the one before. Mr. Hummel went out to one of our outstations to conduct the Sunday service yesterday, and when he came home he said it was just a crime to try to preach to people like that, they were all just too hungry to listen, all so white and thin and listless and hungry-eyed that he just couldn't go on with the service as planned. He told them of the roads and of how, if they came this week, they could get work, that for those who could not work money had come from kind friends in America and with that food would be bought and given to them this next week, and he said the Chris-



Breadmaking in Prosperous Times

tians in the audience broke out into a great prayer of thanksgiving for the deliverance which had come in their hour of great need, and that the faith they thus showed would do far more to convert the non-Christians in the audience than anything he could possibly have said.

“So much for the showers—but the sun came with blinding radiance out from under the clouds this morning when I opened one letter and found a check for \$450 from the Holyoke folks, and opened another and out dropped a check for \$100 from a friend in Philadelphia, then came a shout from the other end of the table and Miss Horn held up a check for \$600 from her own home church; \$1,150 in one mail, and oh! what a tremendous amount of good it can do just now! Great as the suffering is all about us, and it makes one’s heart turn sick at the thought of the thousands whom we cannot reach, still I think when the books are balanced at the end of this awful year of famine we will find more of blessing than otherwise,—the sympathetic response to the great need has been so wonderful, even in those who are so far away that they can have little realization of what is actually taking place. In spite of all the strife and turmoil, the unrest and chaotic social conditions, one can feel that there has been a real advance toward that great ideal of world fellowship, which after all is nothing less than the Kingdom of God, when people way round on the other side of the world care enough for the suffering of these people here to contribute dollars by the thousands, and grain by the trainload to relieve it. Just under a thousand dollars has come out to me personally for famine relief within the last few months, and my circle of acquaintance is neither large nor wealthy, as you know, but it just goes to show how keenly people have felt and responded to the need.”

March 18, 1921.

“The new motor road is sprinting away from our North City gate toward P’ing Yao and the railroad. There are over three thousand men on the work now, and there could be ten thousand if we had the foreigners to supervise them. In just one week they have completed nearly eight miles of road, that is, all grading is

done, ready for the surfacing and rolling. Mr. McDonnell, the Red Cross engineer who is supervising the job, has just given his consent to the building of the bridges and larger culverts, the getting out of gravel for the surfacing, and the first rolling, none of which was included in the first contract. He seems anxious to make it a model road in every way, and as such it will certainly be an eye-opener for our Chinese friends who for centuries have traveled in the same deep-rutted sunken roads. Mr. McDonnell, Colonel Chao, and Mr. Hummel have just started west on a trip to the Yellow River to seek out the best route for the road running west. We are hoping that work can be begun on that road soon because of the tremendous relief it will bring just at the time it is needed most. The famine conditions about us here are rapidly becoming more tense. We are very, very glad for the relief money which has come out from the Board, for not all those who need help are able to do the strenuous work on the roads.

“The Industrial School is going along splendidly, and the women all seem so happy and contented in their work. I have been delighted to find that of our twenty-eight women, nine want to take the first step in church membership next Sunday, three the second, and four will be baptised. The others are new women who have only been in the school a week or so, and whose hearts we have not yet reached. And these are picked women only in the sense that we have picked them up here and there, and brought them in because of their desperately poor condition! They are responding to the Good News like flowers to the sun, and are so eager to learn that I often find them sitting on the *kang* with their little primers open beside them, alternately sewing and reading. And sometimes, as they are sitting together working, someone starts to sing ‘Jesus Loves Me’ or ‘There is only one God’ and the others are quick to follow. Each of the twenty-eight has a story, and yet as I and my harmonica went down to sing with them yesterday afternoon, I am sure if you had been with us there on the *kang* you would have thought as I do that they are a fine group. In them we have unusual opportunity for seed sow-

ing, for spreading the Good News. But my task of preparing the work for, supervising, teaching, and seeing that they are getting not only food for their bodies but for their souls, is no light one these days, on top of trying to get off my third year language requirements, and being official stenographer for the field manager. The days are all crowded to the brim, but it is only so one feels that one is really living, isn't it?

"I know you will be interested in an account of how our Fenchow apportionment of the funds sent out by the Board, \$3,000, is being used, this for your own interest and in order that you may pass on the information to those who have given so generously. We expect all the men who are physically able to take care of themselves and families on what they can earn on the roads. But this leaves uncared for those who are too old to work, the widows and helpless or unfortunate people, such as cripples or the blind. To these we are giving out grain. We have now not only the estimated list of the number of those in the county, but we have their actual names, and the supplies are taken to their homes by the committees in the organization which centers around our outstation chapels. The chapels are located fairly evenly over the entire county, and near enough together so that each has fifteen or twenty villages to care for. Mr. Jen, our head evangelist, is in the field constantly, investigating and overseeing the giving of this relief, which in each center is handled by a committee of three, our outstation evangelist, the head of the village, and one other leading man in the vicinity elected by the church members in that place. These outstation committees in turn work under and are responsible to our central committee here in Fenchow.

A second class of people we are helping from this fund are those who, while they have not the strength to put in full work on the road, can yet do a little work. These we are giving tasks on the compound, or in some instances in their villages, such as the removing of ash piles onto roads, etc. We are making this organization apply to Shensi as well as Shansi, although in Shensi we are attempting little more than the relief of the refugee

bands from Honan. Early last summer these people left their homes, whole villages of them, knowing that there in thickly-settled Honan they had very little hope of being able to 'go over' the winter. They came up into Shensi in great bands of from three to five hundred, absolutely destitute, just living on what they could pick up along the way. When Mr. Pye made his trip out through Shensi last fall he visited several of the larger bands, and he says he never in all his experience here saw anything so pitiful as they were. There were very few children left, most of them having died or been abandoned along the way, and he says he doubts very much if many of the women have been able to withstand the rigors of our cold North China winter. When the auto road west is opened up, if the Shansi authorities will allow them to come across, it may be possible to put a considerable number of those who are physically able to work onto that part of the work. In the meantime, we are doing what we can to relieve their suffering. Would that the amount available for this work were five times as large!"

## Notes About the Famine

Yenching College, Peking.

In anticipation of the epidemics that are supposed to follow famine we are getting ourselves all thoroughly vaccinated and inoculated, etc. And all this does not lend itself to running a machine, but still I have dedicated this day to getting a letter written and I am hoping that I have better success than the last day that I dedicated to the same cause.

I don't ever remember just packing up and going off for a trip in mid-winter before, but now having joined the leisure class I have done this very thing. You see, we have had practically no vacation all year and now at Chinese New Year we had two whole weeks, and long have we planned how to spend it. And this is what we did, at least what two of us did.

There is one overwhelming topic in North China this year and it is a topic that is well known in America, too, judging from the generous gifts that are coming from there. It is the famine. If one pictures the famine according to the illustrations of India,

that all of us have seen, I think that one visiting the famine area of China would feel that it was not what he had supposed. If he rides on the train through this district he will see the same yellow barren flatness that he will see any winter. There will be the same beggars at the stations, perhaps more in number, but they could not be worse in looks. If he goes through the streets of a city in the region he will see grain for sale. Nowhere will he find heaps of dead and nowhere will he see protruding ribs, as he may have expected. For one thing, the winters of North China are cold enough so that people who live must be clothed or else stay in the house. This is very different from India. Another thing, this famine has been so widespread that the people affected are not beggars. They are the small farmers mostly who own or in most cases till rented land for which they pay as rent from fifty to seventy per cent of their crop. They have, perhaps, an acre to five acres. They make use of the long season here to raise two crops, always fertilizing and cultivating in the most intensive way. The crops have been very poor for three years and now came this practically total failure. To make it all the worse, some of the district is the land that three years ago was flooded. A succession of such calamities makes conditions quite exceptional. It has drained any little reserves that they may be expected to have, such as a pig or two and a mule or a donkey, and now they have sold even their simple tools and in many cases even the wooden rafters in their houses. It was told that in one district where we were stopping, last fall it seemed as though every farm animal would be taken from the region. Even the families that are counted wealthy could not feed animals and had to sell them at very great loss. They have not stopped with selling the animals. I am told that in some regions there is scarcely a little girl left, for all have been sold to dealers who take them to the cities. I was told about one of the women whom we saw working in the workshops in Techow which have been established to relieve the very poor. Her little girl had been taken by the two older brothers in her absence and sold. She was not more than five or six years old and I heard that she brought nine dollars. I could tell you harrowing stories, but that is really not

profitable. But there are some things in connection with the methods used, etc., which were intensely interesting to me and may be a little so to you.

In Tientsin I saw the refugee camp where 45,000 people were huddled. They were living by families in little half dugouts, half mat sheds—row after row. It looked like the encampment of an army on the Sahara. The people swarmed. The day was bright and sunny and there was a general air of contentment. Hot cereal was issued to them once or sometimes twice a day, also hot water. There was a certain amount of medical attendance, although very inadequate. I have heard since that they are breaking up the camp because of the great danger of it becoming a plague center. I am glad it does not fall to my lot to send them away.

Techow is one of our own Mission stations and Linching is another, two days' journey away. The American Red Cross has centered its work at Techow. This is one of the bad areas, probably not the worst. It is the policy of the Red Cross to give no relief without work. This is certainly the ideal way, vastly better than free distribution. But naturally it is a very much more difficult method and requires a great deal of skilled workers. At Techow they are building a road to Linching and beyond—500 miles. It is a plain dirt road some 25 feet wide and flanked by deep ditches designed to carry off the water. Some think that such a road cannot last without continual working and the Chinese have never gotten the idea of the poll tax. But, at any rate, it is vastly better than anything else in that region which needs means of communication as much as anything to prevent the conditions that make famines inevitable. In the meantime, it is now giving employment to some 11,000 men and in this way is issuing rations in grain to 55,000 people. Those permitted to work on the road are only those who are classed as in the extreme of poverty. I saw the men working on the road, for I went down several miles of it. And, what was quite as interesting, I met many of the people who have come into Techow to do this Red Cross work. There were many missionaries who have come into Techow to do this Red Cross work. There are many mission-



aries who have been released from other work to carry this on for, of course, the language is essential. They have set out on the principle that they would not do any promiscuous giving but that everything must be investigated. To this end they have gone in twos to hundreds of villages, secured from the Village Elder a list of the families in distress and have then inspected the homes and listed them as "poor," "poorer," "extremely poor." Only to the third class have they given aid. The members of that class were those who had apparently nothing whatever to carry them through. It seems that it is the universal custom of these villages for the people to keep their winter's supply of grain from the harvest in big jars in the house. There is no attic, no cellar, really no place at all to hide it away, and for a committee to arrive unannounced, little chance for hasty concealment. If such a family has one member who can work he is sent to work on the road. If not, if there is a woman she may go to town to work in the special shops. If there is neither, the little children may be sent to the children's refuge in the Mission Compound in Techow. I wish I had a picture of the scene I saw out on the new road. There was a father trundling a wheelbarrow from which peeped out two round, black-eyed little faces. We asked where he was going and he said to the refuge. He had come a long distance to the nearest chance for help. Chinese children would have round faces if they were starving to death, and so they deceive one. The Refuge in Techow has about two hundred and fifty children.

But I was starting to tell about the workers. Because the Red Cross is very businesslike, it requires a force of accountants and engineers and others to manage the business. And to this end there was a most interesting collection of human beings assembled. The Mission Compound had been turned into a sort of a hotel where the men "in from the road" would stop. There were a number of volunteer workers, including some very fine engineers, one very unsophisticated stenographer who was shocked to death even by the missionaries, one young lady who arrived from Shanghai while I was there without one single garment to wear that would be suitable outside of a drawing

room. It is very interesting to see what an assortment can be assembled in response to a call for relief. There were two men who had come down from Vladivostok with their Russian wives who were quite innocent of English and of course of Chinese. There was a professor from one of the large government universities who was a marvel at all kinds of sleight of hand tricks.

One day we went out from there into another district where a private company is giving food without work. We rode several hours in springless carts through a howling, roaring dust storm to the village where the poor of fifteen villages came for rations. As we approached we could see through the storm a throng of people pouring out of the town, and to my astonishment we were told that they were out to greet us, for the man who was in charge of dispensing the food was with us. We proceeded, surrounded on all sides by these hundreds kneeling or prostrate in the dirt of the road. It was a most weird sensation—made me think it must be Babylon or Nineveh. We saw a thousand people go down that line each with his pot in which he carried back to his family their daily porridge. If there were any truth in the necessity of a balanced diet, all these people would have been dead long ago.

And then one time we went to another village where there had been no relief given at all. We saw exactly how the investigating is done and we saw for ourselves just what the investigators see. We saw the jars without grain and filled in its place sometimes with dried elm leaves or dried turnip leaves saved from last fall, a kind of a pulp from the bark of trees, and locust seeds. We saw them preparing this for food and we realized the straits in which they were. And in one house we found no grain at all save in one place where on a shelf there were a few grains scattered and some incense burning and some shiny new paper gods pasted against the wall.

The room we occupied had just been used by a lady reporter who had been sent to China by the *Saturday Evening Post*, especially to see and write up the famine. She had just left for Shanghai to cable back a 6,000 word article. This is the first time an article for a magazine has ever been cabled. Perhaps some of you have seen it in print before this. She seems to have

been greatly overwhelmed by what she saw, and she has seen famines in Poland, Armenia, etc.

I did not stay in Techow very long. Most of my time was spent in Taianfu. This is the heart of Shantung which is famous now for many things. But this part of Shantung is famous for one thing above all others. It was the home of Confucius, and it is now the Holy Land of China. Pilgrims come by the hundreds of thousands to climb the sacred mountain which had been hallowed by his feet. The pilgrim season was just beginning but when it is fully under way there will be as many as five thousand a day climbing the steep ascent to its summit. And at night the path will be luminous from all the surrounding plain, lit by innumerable lanterns in the hands of the pilgrims, for the night is a favorite time to go. The season lasts two or three months, and it is only in recent years that the pilgrimage started with a railway journey. Formerly it meant many a weary mile by foot. The path up the mountain is scarcely a path at all. It is really a staircase built of granite, steep and narrow. You can walk up its 6,000 odd steps or you can be carried up in chairs. Many and many is the bound-footed woman who has hobbled up to the very "Gate of Heaven" at its summit and *kotowed* before the smiling Buddha in the bronze-tiled temple which rises above any other elevation, in this part of China. I had the novel experience of going up in a chair carried on the shoulders of two men. This is even more disturbing than having a man pull your ricksha.

The tomb of Confucius is not very far away, near a town of some forty thousand, most of whom claim to be his descendants. It is simple, unadorned but distinguished by an avenue of cedars of great antiquity and is in a large wooded burial ground. The Temple of Confucius is inside the town. I saw it in the low light of the late afternoon and it was beautiful and wonderful. The thing for which it is famous is its line of stone columns carved with the Chinese Dragon, six inches deep. These, roofed with its splendid tiles, and shaded by the huge gnarled cedars, is surely worthy a pilgrimage from a distant land. I am becoming more and more enamored of Chinese architecture and I rejoice that it is to be the kind employed in our own new University buildings.

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The Gateway to Mount Hermon

## Editorial

A recent disastrous fire has destroyed Zyante Inn and twelve of the surrounding cottages at Mount Hermon. They were unique in their rugged beauty, having been constructed of redwood with pillars and railings of logs still in the bark. An insurance covered the loss with the exception of some \$8000. The directors met the same day and planned a new dining-hall and a tent city so that the summer's program will go on unchanged.

### Mount Hermon

The Federate School of Missions presents its program July 9-16, and among the outstanding features are the study classes in the Home and Foreign books, taught by Miss Frances Patterson of Chicago, the method hours under Mrs. Paul Raymond, Children's Story Hours, receptions and camp fires. Dr. Royal Dye of Africa is one of the choice speakers, and a fascinating address on "Government by the Printing Press" will be given by Dr. Frances M. Larkin, editor of the California Christian Advocate. Address letters for information to C. S. Price, Mount Hermon Association, Mount Hermon, California.

## The Annual Meeting of the Southern California Branch

California gave some of its most charming spring days, and the Congregational Church in the pretty town of Whittier, abounding hospitality, as they welcomed the large company of delegates and friends which gathered to consider the interests of the Kingdom of Christ, as represented by these two organizations.

“Filled with the large hope of the present day,  
Pledge we our strength for all the broadening task.”

The above motto, which we found on our programs, well represents the spirit of the sessions which opened on Wednesday morning, April 6th, and closed promptly at four o'clock Thursday afternoon, the 7th. The presidents of the Home and Foreign Societies presided alternately at the sessions, except that of Wednesday evening, when the Rev. E. E. Day, pastor of the Whittier Church, was in the chair.

A large number of friends from other towns and a goodly representation from the churches of Whittier were present at the opening session to listen to the cordial greeting which followed a Praise Service. Officers for the coming year were elected and other business attended to before we listened to the clear, comprehensive and stimulating Report on Missionary Education by Miss Sarah E. Bundy of Los Angeles, whose work in that department is a strong influence in our churches, the results of which are seen in increasing interest and larger gifts.

The reports of the treasurers of each society were cheering. The amounts asked, 35% advance on the appropriations for 1919-1920, had been received and the number of the auxiliaries which won badges of distinction, first, second and third grades, and those entitled to “honorable mention” was greater than ever before.

Mrs. Edward Crumly gave a sprightly and hopeful summing up of the various activities of the auxiliaries in service work. Her words aided in deepening the conviction that we could, and

strengthening the determination that we would, plan large things with loyal expectation that they would be brought to pass.

Miss Evelyn Trostle, a Near East Relief worker, told us, under the title "Ground-Grippers," of the veiled and secluded Turkish women, downward-looking in spirit, coming out into the light, and as hearts were lifted open-faces, too, were raised, and these sisters assumed their places of Christian leadership.

Dr. John Gardner, pastor of the Riverside Church, gave the evening address on "A World in the Making," showing the wondrous progress of recent years and the unprecedented opportunities just before us.

A pageant setting forth the needs of non-Christian women and the answer of the modern virgins to their unvoiced plea, as they go forth, each with her own taper having its flame kindled by love and zeal, ready to seek and minister to her burdened sisters, until they too from all kindreds and peoples, hold out their hands to receive what they have failed to find before, and become in their turn Light Bearers.

The morning hour of Thursday gave us "Notes from the Field," pictures from letters received from our workers in China, India, Japan, Turkey and Africa, by the secretary, Miss Meeker, of Pasadena. She was unable to be present and her report was read by Mrs. Allen, mother of our kindergartner in Foochow. It gave us vivid glimpses of the wide reach of our work, of its disappointments, its successes, and most of all of its growing promise and, as a result of this, its growing demands.

Miss Elizabeth Douglas of Samokov, Bulgaria, told a graphic story, "The Gift of the Land." How the Bulgarians are becoming from an ignorant peasantry, a nation craving knowledge, and looking to the missionaries, who have led them to such desires, to aid them to attain higher standards of education and habits of life. The gift by the government of a fine site for a school in Samokov was the illustration, the details of which made a fascinating tale. The impression which it left upon our minds was, "How can we fail to seize such opportunities as the carrying for-

ward such a work affords for influencing the life of a nation in the making?"

The last hour of the morning was given to an enlightening and most entertaining exercise which appeared on the program as "Listening In." The officers of both societies sat on the platform, as if gathered in Council, and questions as to methods and details of work at headquarters were invited from the floor. The replies were brief, clear and tactful, with here and there a delightful glint of humor.

Many of us came back to meet the local auxiliaries better equipped for giving them aid, for having looked from a somewhat new standpoint upon the reasons for disappointments in reports and failures to receive anticipated credits.

The greatly increased budget for 1921-1922 was voted after the especially careful survey of the needs given each one in a leaflet for individual study had been for some hours in our hands.

Surely all who voted to accept left the meeting with deepened sense of the responsibility and joy of service, in any part of the great Harvest Field, and with steadied purpose to reach the aim set before us to which we had pledged our prayerful and courageous effort.

The resolutions of thanks to our hosts in the homes and in the church were most heartfelt. Pastor and people had spared no pains to make our stay both pleasant and profitable and we bade good-bye to Whittier with delightful memories of its homes, its sweet singers, its young people, and its wealth of flowering shrubs and fragrant orchards.

MARY H. PORTER.

Hast Thou, my Master, aught for me to do  
To honor Thee to-day?  
Hast Thou a word of love to some poor soul  
That I may say?  
For see, this world that Thou hast made so fair,  
Within its heart is sad.  
Thousands are lonely, thousands sigh and weep,  
But few are glad.

—Selected.

## The Making of a Pastor's Wife

By Mrs. Arthur H. Smith

*(Concluded from April number)*

Again she rested for a few minutes on a door sill with an old lady. "Where are you going?" "Oh, I'm out walking," said the tired, truthful little Christian. Her baby clamored for an apricot another child was eating, and the other spared one tiny morsel, and they moved on. Just then there came along twenty Boxers dressed in black, with yellow ropes for girdles. She was too evidently a little pilgrim outcast. "Here's one! Here's one! Examine her!" This they generally did by asking questions and then gazing intently on the forehead to see if the sign of the cross appeared there. If the supposed culprit trembled under this fierce, keen scrutiny, that was considered proof positive. But "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, to deliver them," and by ever new ways. A very nice, respectable man who had never before in all his life set eyes on Dorcas came out of the gate. Now, to have a murder at your front gate is not a nice, lucky omen for your future peace. He said in a lofty, commanding tone, "No, no! stop that! No such performance here! Why, this woman has been a neighbor of ours for over twenty years. Let her alone and go along!" They went. The gentleman looked at her compassionately and said, "Pitiful, pitiful, but do hurry along. Don't stay here."

"Move on? Oh, yes, but whither?" Husband missing, possibly gone home to glory, and sister lying dead. She would seek her niece, the bride, outside the Chi Hua Gate. A lot of Boxers came toward her, chasing a large fine-looking Chinese girl. A Boxer's little daughter dressed in the flaming scarlet they affected, planted herself exactly in front of Mrs. Li and was so conspicuous no one noticed the latter, though they captured the big, brave Catholic girl, who, even on that direful day had not left off her cross.

The city was swarming with Boxers. "Where are you going?" they asked Dorcas. "Going to relatives." "But no one is allowed to leave the city." It would have been a vain quest. Her niece's



home had been already pillaged and in another moment she saw, carried along the street, the bride's wedding dowry boxes, among the loot. The prize seemed not to be an unmixed joy to them. She heard them say, "We must not take them into any shop, for Christian things may just burst into flames any time by spontaneous combustion."

Mrs. Li turned on to the "Drum Tower" big street. The bystanders once more took the measure of our weary fugitives in spite of the fact that Dorcas was trying her best not to look too tired or the least bit woe-begone. She heard some one say, "Such a lovely child, such a pity the mother is in such trouble!" And another said, "Your little one is so attractive." It seemed at that moment a chance to save Glory Grace from her own hard lot and Mrs. Li said, "I will give her to you." "No, indeed," returned the woman, "I wouldn't dare, for then my sin would be just as great as yours."

A small peddler stood by the wayside. She had not a cash with her but she got a drink of water and some peanuts for the hungry, homesick baby, and offered the child's little jacket in payment, but the vender said, "I will allow the child the nuts as a free gift."

As she fared on, she heard some people ridiculing and some compassionating her for being a Christian. As she rested a few minutes later, on one more gate sill, a half drunken man rushed out and drove her away saying, "Don't get us into trouble by hanging around here!" But his bark was much worse than his bite, for when, at that very moment, a band of the enemy arrived he shouted peremptorily, "This is a good woman's daughter, and she herself is a very good woman. *Chi te* (lay up merit), spare her life." Once more, the devil's own weapons of selfishness and falsehood protected God's little saint. When the Boxers had left, the man said, "Now, do leave for home." "But I have no home! It is burned." He must get rid of her, and perhaps she did not look able to stagger much further, so he paid a carter to take her back to the blazing chapel and buildings in the yard that had been her home. Chinese have a soft spot in their hearts for chil-

dren. Even the Boxers sometimes spared parents for the sake of the winsome bairns, and this hard man sent away little Glory Grace with hands full of something to eat.

Dorcas tried an old neighbor. In terror they bolted the gate against her, lest she bring swift retribution on them by her presence. Gathering her fainting courage for one more possible rebuff, she went to another gate and asked for a drink and leave to spend the night. She was peremptorily refused. The Boxers had been to that house four times, the night before, searching for hidden Christians. They suggested she ask the petty official of the neighborhood for protection.

He demanded, "Who are you?" "I have been a teacher in the Congregational Mission." "And your husband?" "He was, too." "Then it is doubly certain you can't stay here all night."

Leaving there she met a fresh band of Boxers who would have attacked her but a carpenter courageously spoke up and said, "Let her be! She's an old neighbor of mine. She's just out to watch the hot racket."

"Oh, God, take me if Thou wilt, but don't let wicked men get me," moaned Dorcas. It seemed as if the long suffering limbs, stiff from such unprecedented demands on them, would hardly support her longer. God knew. He always bends over the gold in the fire.

She suddenly met the man whose cart Dr. Ament always hired. He exclaimed, "Whither bound, sister?" "I don't know! There is nowhere left to go." He also was a fugitive.

No one would harbor the man who had faithfully served a foreigner. If his employer was "a foreign devil" he also was "a secondary devil," and the Boxers made short, swift work with such, killing man and mule, and burning the cart. Misery had found some company at last. "Get right in," he said, mercifully. Did ever the inside of a Peking cart look so welcome to longing eyes! Stiff limbs and aching feet had respite. She would not be put out and left to the bitter world again in a few minutes. It meant rest, protecting companionship. The Everlasting Arms clasped baby and her a little tighter and she felt how warm they were.

They drove somewhere, all night long. In the morning the carter went to a friend outside the Ha Ty gate to feed the beast. Even a tough Chinese mule must be fed if it is to walk on and on forever! Dorcas must not involve anybody, so she sat still in the cart, trying not to look like a lost lamb. But normal folk, on a journey, don't sit still in the cart at meal times. The passersby stared and then said, "Poor things! Isn't it a pity! But the dawn for mother and baby was at hand. It was a blood-red dawn, ushering in nine weeks and five days of assaults by day and terrors by night, but, all the same, it was dawn.

That is "another story," but Pastor Li had been found and was in the Methodist Mission in Filial Alley, safe, but distraught for his lost wife and child, of whom he could get no clue. While the mule ate, the carter learned this fact. A messenger flew to Mr. Li with the joyful tidings, and in no time little Glory Grace had her arms around that dear neck once more; they were safely landed in the Methodist Mission and later in the British Legation quarters. When the ten thousand Mauser rifles of General Tung Fu Hisang and the other ten thousand of General Jang Lu were at last silenced, when the shells shrieked no longer, because an angry, indignant world thundered its dire vengeance at the gates of Peking, and relieved us, the Li family were all there to thank God.

A splendid, stately church has taken the place of the plain old chapel in the Congregational Mission. A whole parish house is by its side with its glorious possibilities of fine upper class recruits for the Christian fold. Pastor Li ministers in that church to a large, important and ever increasing flock. The woman who was both born and trained to understand sorrow and soothe it, the dear little shepherdess with unflinching love and unerring tact ministers in private to the needy heart whether it belongs to duchess or beggar. It is not enough that the Pastor speaks with no uncertain sound from the pulpit, the parish could never get on were there not also a dear Dorcas at home, an outstanding illustration that "God is love." Thank God, our Lis were not among the martyrs.

## Field Correspondents

Mrs. H. H. Powers writes in a personal letter of her recent visit to India:

My visit in Ahmednagar was a great satisfaction. Ever since I was a tiny girl, Fairbank and Ahmednagar have been family words, for my father and Dr. Fairbank were close friends in Seminary, and corresponded for years. So when I found that by omitting some of the places Mr. Powers and the others were to visit, I could have two days in Ahmednagar and two in Sholapur, I wrote straight away and received most cordial replies from Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fairbank, who received me into their own hospitable house and arranged to have me see much of the work in actual operation—just what I most wanted. The very first afternoon as soon as I had been refreshed by tea and trimmings, the little girls from two of Mrs. Fairbank's schools came to the front yard where we found them sitting in demure rows on either side of the piazza steps.

The teachers held big books of attendance, like recording angels—very necessary they proved, too, for a count showed more than pupils present and two or three whose names were not written in the book had to be eliminated and sent to the side lines. There were some songs, in piping childish voices, ending, as all Indian music seems to do, on the wrong note, and some games, two girls taking hold of hands and whirling round and round on their heels as pivots, and a clapping of hands resembling our own "Bean porridge hot." Then followed what was the real point of the gathering, the distribution of dolls which Mrs. Fairbank and the Girls' School pupils had dressed. Mrs. Fairbank gave me the pleasure of handing them out, and I must have bestowed a hundred or more dollies of various sorts on as many black-eyed little girls—and one boy, son of one of the servants on the place, and receiving a shy *salaam* with the hand to the forehead and sometimes a bit of a smile from each one.

These were the two higher class schools and there were a number of Brahmins in one group, a Parsi, two dear little Guzirati girls with many rings and necklaces, and the gay gold and colored striped *sari* worn by their class. Some evidently were

“dressed up” in their mothers’ *saris*, which had to be much tucked up to prevent tripping, but most of them wore the short jacket and skirt down to their toes which with the done-up hair make them look like little old women. The great majority belonged to the two castes of the Weavers and the Bamboo Workers, and answered at once to Mrs. Fairbank’s question as to their caste, showing how fundamental a part of their life and thought it is. Eight or ten of them were already married, but had not yet left their own homes. My first hour in Ahmednagar had brought me closer to actual life in India than I had felt before. A little stroll in the gloaming showed me something of the extent of our Mission holdings. I saw the cistern where any Christian may come for water and where the sound of their Standard Oil cans scraping on the stone bottom and sides could be heard at all hours of the night, during these weeks of scant water supply. And for lack of rain and water the trees in Mrs. Fairbank’s garden are dying.

Dr. and Mrs. Hume and Margaret Welles were in for dinner and later the other members of the Mission, all except Mrs. Deming and the last and littlest addition to Mission forces. We are certainly very fortunate in the character and quality of our representatives. The evening was all too short for the pleasant converse that I enjoyed so much.

The next day’s program included visits to Dr. Hume’s class in theology, to Miss Harris’ Bible training school and to the schools outside the gates—for the outcaste children—with a walk through the narrow alleys and a peep into a number of the pitiful little places they call home. They are not quite so impossibly dirty as they seem as one drives past, and I learned that day that meal can be ground in a mill set on the bare stone floor and yet be thoroughly clean and eatable! Our breakfast included several native specialties sent in for my benefit by the matron of the Teachers’ Training School next door, whose supper of curry and rice I had tasted on our evening stroll. Most interesting of all, perhaps, was the half hour spent with Mrs. Hume and her class of Bible women with their kindly serious faces that showed the lines of

life's struggles, and the light and serenity of faith and hope and love, influenced in large measure, I am sure, by dear Mrs. Hume's "sweetness and light." They garlanded us both with jasmine and pink roses after the pretty native custom. While Mrs. Fairbank had her class of young men on the shaded porch, Mr. Fairbank took me to see the Boys' High School and its weaving department, though it was the noon hour and classes were just changing. The afternoon was spent at our Board's Girls' School, seeing the groups of girls in their classes and enjoying the physical training class under the charming direction of Miss Woods. The girls of any class or any country may count themselves lucky to be under her care. The "high tea" in the Bungalow gave me a little chance to know the fine trio of college girls we have there in charge of our work. Miss Bruce of Wellesley, Miss Woods of Mt. Holyoke, and Miss Welles of Smith, and they are expecting soon to welcome a Vassar representative. The life of the school girls is kept very simple and in general their native habits and customs are retained, which seems to me very wise. The buildings are plain, but substantial, and set in ample grounds so that games and exercises can be carried on and there is no sense of cramping and crowding.

**A letter from a pastor's wife in the Philippines, from Dipolog, Zamboanga, written to Dr. Laubach:**

My heart is full of plans for the Lord's work in Dipolog. We want to settle permanently in this place to work in the Lord's vineyard. I know you can explain our cause better than I have done, so please try to advance our righteous aspirations to have a worthy building in which to worship God. Mr. Isabelo Echarez is going to donate a piece of land in a conspicuous place for our new church and that old Provisional Chapel will serve for my kindergarten school.

Now, there is great enthusiasm on the part of the members of our church, there is a great interest on the part of the public and there is alarm on the part of the Jesuits. I hope that the Christians in America will not neglect the Gospel in the Philippines. This is the right season to plant; don't delay, please, otherwise

immorality and vices will be spread in the Philippines and then it will be very hard for the Christians to root them up. The Christians in America are helping the widows and the fatherless children of other nations, and will they not also help the hungry souls in the Philippines? If the Philippines will become a corrupted nation, who is to blame? Is not her stepmother, America?

We are blaming Spain for not teaching us the right path, and will we also blame America for not teaching us the Word of God when she had the chance to do it? Pardon me, Dr. Laubach, in the way I am expressing our feelings, but I am writing to you with the greatest sincerity of my heart. May God open your hearts to come to Macedonia and help us. Give us institutions and dormitories so as to produce people for Christ. While we cannot have this, you cannot expect the Filipino Christians to take care of the pagans in the Philippines. Be the Christians in America a blessing to the Filipinos!

I had been praying for your campaign in America. I am praying for the building of our church in Dipolog and God has heard our prayers through Mrs. C.'s generosity.

JULIA DE YAPSUTOO.

## Making Melody in Marathi

By Frances B. Woods

**W**E are getting up an entertainment this year, but we will not be able to give it till spring. I have five drill classes, whom I teach (or rather make a desperate effort to teach) the drills that I learned at college. Folk-dances the children love, the simpler the better, though I have attempted to make them do a May-pole dance. We are going to have a real May-pole, with ribbons and all, and invite down all the English people from the cantonment, to be the audience. It will be a great day, and I will write you all about it, and get some snaps, if I can. It is easy to enthuse about it, but I tell you it is hard work sometimes to make them keep time to our music. Ordinary marching and simple 4-4 time they do very well, but polka, mazurka or

waltz time—well, sometimes I wish you could all see them. If I were anyone but the teacher, I would despair, but we stick to it, and they usually manage it after a while. And the effect of a hundred or so is very pretty, for the ungraceful are lost in the crowd.

Another thing I am doing in my odd minutes now is to teach a class in the Men's Club that has just been opened in the city. You ought to see my class. They are men of all ages, looks and sizes and apparel. Such an assortment! I am teaching them to read English music and to pick out their own tunes on the organ. Sometimes when I stand up in front of that class, I wish someone could see me, who would see things as they look to me, and as I compare them with some of the classes I have had in America. But, I tell you frankly, I prefer this kind every time. I don't care what they look like, or what kind of places they live in, or that very often their clothes are far from clean. I know they are very much interested, and they show surprising intelligence! They act just like children in their excitement over reciting, and their despair if they don't know the correct answer! Some are old enough to be my father, I know very well, but I feel almost two hundred years old, just the same. Of course, they get very much discouraged at times, when they find how very difficult it is to learn, but I cheer them up and tell them that I have been studying music almost eighteen years! Whereupon they feel cheered somewhat, for they think they are going to play as I do after two or three lessons. But they also look very incredulous, as though they suspected I had not lived that long, but perhaps had a few lessons in my past incarnation.

---

But music tells

One secret of the world thro' which thou goest  
To work with morning song, to rest with evening bells:  
Life is in tune with harmony so deep  
That when the notes are lowest  
Thou still canst lay thee down in peace and sleep,  
For God will not forget.

—Henry Van Dyke.



Prayer  
at Noontide



Encircling  
the Earth

## Give Stewardship a Trial

By Martha Fletcher Bellinger

"This strikes me as a clean-cut business proposition!"

This now classic exclamation was made by a business man, after hearing a sermon on Stewardship. Yes, the sermon emphasized tithing as a part of good Stewardship and rightly.

It may be that there are tithing stewards—people who regularly and consistently place their tenth upon the altar with prayer—who are not 100% Christians, but it is safe to affirm that the average runs pretty high. On the other hand, is it not an open secret in the church that many people have been known heretofore to dedicate to the Lord *everything but their money*.

So now the appeal comes from churches of every communion for the membership to make a new consecration of themselves to their Master, so that they may be sure their pocketbooks are included in the transaction.

Tithing Stewardship leads to the renewal and strengthening of the spiritual life of the individual. One tithing pastor writes, "My advice would be pay to God what is his due, put yourself into his hands, and you will find that God pays large dividends. It will be a great step forward in your Christian experience."

Another writes, "As soon as I began to tithe, God began to pour out His blessing upon me." Another, "I seem to have a new intimacy with God."

Moreover, tithing Stewardship has transformed hundreds of churches from "struggling" institutions to active centers of all-American civilization, plus religion.

Stories of such transformed churches read almost like fairy tales. Here is a church which was carrying a big debt, running behind in its own expenses, benevolence fund scarcely big enough to be visible to the naked eye, and everybody wondering what to

do. The pastor had a special season of prayer in order to get courage enough to put on a four weeks' Stewardship Campaign with the "clutch" (tithing) thrown in, and this is what happened: Debt reduced \$9,775 in one year through a regular budget; current expenses all paid; benevolences increased 25%. And what was the secret? Three hundred tithing stewards.

Again, tithing Stewardship in a church practically always starts a revival. A New York pastor testified, "Our church has experienced a revival for the first time in the memory of the present official board, and it began in our stewardship campaign." No, revivals are not crowded out by the modern movement. Stewardship instigates, encourages, and sweeps the congregation with revivals.

Stewardship calls the new Christian to the sacred place of acknowledging, praying, paying and giving. It reminds him that he must hark back to the great Owner, the personal God from whom his own personality has sprung. Stewardship prepares the Christian for new influx of God's grace, and so unites the church revival with the family altar. Stewardship prepares the Church for more effective action in the community. Stewardship opens the very doors of the Kingdom.

One church member writes, "Tithing Stewardship pays, try it!" Therefore, pastors, laymen and churches, if you have not already done so, give Stewardship a fair trial!

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Christian education can sometimes make good the lack of early years, at least in a measure, but it never can build, as it *might* have built, if the children had been made to *love* the world, its people and its wonders of creation before the days of such jaw-breaking geographical names as the Yangtse Kiang and the Ho Hang Ho, before the historic drives of so many generals and their victories or defeats, before the days of vertebrate and invertebrate of the animal kingdom, the various forms of inflorescence of the vegetable world, and so on. The foundations which may be laid with the little children of Japan will do more to make permanent and effective any so-called higher education which comes later.—MISS HOWE in *Japan News*.

## Junior Department

Dear Girls and Leaders:

When you've heard of "Northfield" all your life you might expect to be disappointed—I really did. I felt sure that loyal "Northfield goers" were slightly inclined toward exaggeration,—and I didn't believe that any place *could* be quite so perfect and still be enjoyable. Last summer I went! My first thought, and my last one, too, was "why didn't I come before." Perhaps some of you have had the chance and didn't take it. Perhaps some of you could influence your churches or societies to send a delegate and you haven't done it. Why not this year? If you *have* ever been to Northfield, I know you do not need this invitation,—you'll come back anyway.

The Foreign Missions Conference is to be from the 12th until the 20th of July this year, and Aloha Camp will welcome you if you are between the ages of 17 and 26. If you are older, you can be accommodated in the dormitories. Last summer, I heard a woman say, "When I used to come to Northfield to the Foreign Missions Conference, it was all women; now it seems to be all *girls*." Last year, of the 1190 delegates, 754 were girls in the Camps of the various denominations.

If "Aloha" means nothing to you, it is time you investigated! Last summer 212 girls from Congregational churches slept in tents underneath the pines, revelled in the peace and beauty of the Connecticut valley, and felt the inspiration of leaders in missionary education and workers fresh from the foreign field. Wouldn't you like to spend eight days at a real girls' camp, with all the usual fun and friendship, and in addition be getting help worth while for your church for next winter? If you are the leader of a mission band or Junior C. E. Society, you can learn the best way to work with the children this coming year,—all the new textbooks will be taught. If you are on the missionary committee of your Christian Endeavor or Sunday School, Northfield is the best place for new ideas in presenting the needs in other lands. If you want to be of service, I should advise you to go to Northfield to discover how.

There will be the camp life, under the leadership of Miss Eliza-

beth Pullen, beginning each day with early morning prayers in the pine grove on the edge of a deep ravine, and ending it often with a serenade to the camp of one of the other denominations, or a bonfire with camp singing. Every camp has its own songs and cheers,—you will be proud of those of Aloha. During the morning there will be Bible classes and mission study classes, and in the afternoon hikes, rides, stunt parties, picnics and a time for relaxation. No one ever forgets the Round Top meetings at sunset,—and no one can tell you about them. You'll have to find it out personally. Then there are the evening services in the Auditorium. I shall never forget the one when the Conference Service Flag was dedicated last summer. Twelve of the stars on it represented camp girls who went to the foreign field after having been at Northfield. I wish you could have seen some of the newest ones march up to the platform to receive a welcome from a missionary who had been forty-two years on the field!

It's impossible to describe *all* that Northfield means, but can't you come and see for yourself this year? Send to the Young People's Department of the Woman's Board of Missions for a circular and be sure to register early, for the registration is limited. Hoping to see you there, I am,

ONE WHO WENT AND HOPES TO GO AGAIN.

### Summary of Receipts, April 1-30, 1921

MRS. FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Treasurer*

Cong'l World Movement		Hartford Branch	\$2,875 54
1920 Emergency Fund	\$1,858 80	New Haven Branch	4,423 80
1921 Credited to Branches	400 97	New York State Branch	78 85
Gifts not credited to Branches	4,721 89	New Jersey Branch	1,990 57
Eastern Maine Branch	242 57	Pennsylvania Branch	5 00
Western Maine Branch	240 40	Southeast Branch	181 48
New Hampshire Branch	377 45		
Vermont Branch	121 63		Total, \$30,850 58
Andover and Woburn Branch	457 32		
Barnstable Association	15 00	<b>Total for April</b>	
Berkshire Branch	657 32	Donations	\$25,723 96
Essex North Branch	246 18	Cong'l World Movement	1,858 80
Essex South Branch	149 72	Buildings	2,578 32
Franklin County Branch	874 95	Specials	689 50
Hampshire County Branch	1,173 50		
Middlesex Branch	414 50		Total, \$30,850 58
Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch	1,324 36	<b>Total from October 18, 1920, to April 30, 1921</b>	
North Middlesex Branch	48 71	Donations	\$103,991 33
Old Colony Branch	638 41	Cong'l World Movement	28,158 56
Springfield Branch	258 40	Buildings	12,429 96
Suffolk Branch	5,213 34	Specials	4,777 28
Worcester County Branch	1,199 32	Legacies	2,583 48
Rhode Island Branch	125 90		
Eastern Connecticut Branch	534 70		Total \$151,940 61

# Additions to Loan Library

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The Disintegration of Islam . . . . .	Zwemer
Islam in China . . . . .	Broomhall
The Home with the Open Door . . . . .	Platt
The Near Side of the Mexican Question . . . . .	Stowell
The Growth of a Work of God . . . . .	Taylor
Medical Missions . . . . .	Lambuth
A Moslem Seeker After God . . . . .	Zwemer
Educational Adaptations . . . . .	Jones
Everybody's World . . . . .	Eddy
The Mastery of the Far East . . . . .	Brown
The Influence of Animism on Islam . . . . .	Zwemer
Philippines and the Far East . . . . .	Stuntz
Reconstruction in Turkey . . . . .	Hall

These or others on our list will be sent by mail or express, as desired, though we are sorry to have to limit the distance to points east of Ohio. Terms: Books loaned free for two weeks. Postage charged to and from Boston. A fine of two cents a day on books kept over two weeks. For catalogue or for books apply to

MISS MARY L. DANIELS

503 Congregational House, Boston, Mass.

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In making devises and legacies the entire corporate name of the Board should be used as follows:—

*I give and bequeath to the Woman's Board of Missions, incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts in the year 1869, the sum of .....*

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Please make all checks payable to the Woman's Board of Missions.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT BOSTON, MASS. ACCEPTANCE FOR MAILING AT SPECIAL RATE OF POSTAGE PROVIDED FOR IN SECTION 1103. ACT OF OCTOBER 3, 1917. AUTHORIZED ON JULY 3, 1918.

**TERMS: Seventy-Five Cents a Year in Advance**

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